How He Grew: The Other Boy

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How He Grew: The Other Boy

by Onisius

Summary

Hannibal was a clever boy who had worked out many tricks by the time he met the Raven-Stag. The Raven-Stag was not prepared to meet a child with the capability of violence so extreme it even shocked the god's themselves.

Notes

I could not bring my self to either leave this out or add yet another brunch to an already overly complicated (to write) story. So here it is separate.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter One: The boy and the Bear

A long long time ago in a... on earth.

Hannibal was the son of wealthy parents whom he felt he deserved and brother to a sister whom he felt he did not.

When he was small and his dear sister was not yet born he would watch the adults fuss over his mothers bloated belly with irritation. His latest drawing was a masterpiece compared to what other children his age could manage. He was five and well ahead in all areas, he was the perfect son. So he could not understand why they needed another child. Also that funny bump made his mother look and move like an old alcoholic man, the whole thing was ugly and unrefined.

He had understood of course that there was a person in there. A person he despised on the principle that they were a useless blob. He had always been center stage in his family's lives as they were justifiably proud of him. He enjoyed there acknowledgement of his many talents and he did not want some screaming tiny person distracting them from it.

Admittedly his experience to that point of other children had not been positive. He would talk to them and they would stair blankly back with their little blank eyes peering out from there blank little brains. They were lacking in manners and would talk over the top of him and their version of fun had been chasing each other for no other purpose but to then be chassed.

Worst of all was that it would have been rude to ignore them when they were either guests at his home or he at theirs. So he had to 'run along' and play there boring little games and attempt to act like he cared about their brainless little conversations. As he grew older and experienced a bloom in capability, achieving skills even adults could not master the other children changed minutely. They were lumbering unrefined idiots, but as he meet a greater and greater number of children he discovered that they were the normal ones and he the strange one.

When his sister was born and he was handed her to hold, he stared down at that blob of pink skin with a tuft of dark hair on its head and thought of all those other children. He was polite about it of course, but he would not lie "She is very small isn't she mother." he had said and smiled what he hoped was a convincing smile. His mother had smiled back and rubbed his head how he hated but he made sure to widen his smile, he was good at fooling her.

As far as he had been concerned at five years old, his home had been invaded. The stench of the baby nearly unavoidable, its loud annoying cries would wake him at night. Mostly he managed to politely ignore her. As she grew older she obsessively searched him out in any room, peering at him and smiling until he looked back. He would frown and look away when he wasn't being observed. her joy at seeing him was annoying. Then when he showed his

parents his latest piece of art she had intervened by smiling at him with her mixture of gums and teeth and his parents had paid more attention to how much she 'loved him' than to the work itself.

Her learning to walk at been a complete disaster, she would somehow sneak away from her nanny and find him wherever he might be. To have the funny little and admittedly cuter thing following him into the woods was irritating. He could not let her get lost or hurt or his parents would never forgive him. Which meant when she followed he would have to watch out for her.

On one such a day when she was three, and he had become used to her company. Even used to her endless inane questions. They came across a bear.

It was a black beer and though Hannibal went to gather Mischa up and away before it noticed them, it was a mother bear and became angry so quickly he had not had the time.

It barreled towards them and realizing he was more likely to survive not carrying Mischa he left her there and ran.

Sooner than he thought he could no longer hear the bears breathing or lumbering limbs. He stopped and peered back the way he'd come and was startled to hear giggling. He allowed his curiosity to get the better of him and cautiously returned though the trees. What he found was Mischa and the baby bear playing while the mother bear looked on.

This was entirely unexpected. Everything that ever happened in his life up to that point had been predicted by himself. He knew all the patterns that inhabited his life well. Never had anything torn them apart like this had. It felt... strange.

Interesting.

Fascinating.

Good.

He was curious what would happen next.

Slowly with his senses at full alert he returned. The bear appraised him as he did it. Then it went back to watching its cub and his Mischa playing. Hannibal continued until he was next to the bear and then slowly, calmly reached out and stroked his fur. It allowed it.

From that day on the bear and its cub and Hannibal and his Mischa would meet and the older two would sit silently together and watch as the young ones played. It quickly became the high-light of his day.

It was not long after that he came to the belated realization that he loved her. She was happiness and sweetness, a beacon of joy. She was everything he was not, everything he was missing from himself. With her he began to feel these things for himself. It was a strange thing, the piece of himself left in his mothers womb he had been waiting for with out knowing.

Chapter Two: First Taste

Chapter Summary

Hannibal discovers the beauty of death.

Chapter Two: First Tastes

The forest became a sort of playground for Hannibal and Mischa. The large house that they lived began to feel less like home than the trees. Mischa grew slowly and her bear friend grew quickly but they remained close. Hannibal found he cared greatly for Mischa's happiness, and so saw to it that neither of their parents hindered them.

Mischa found joy in everything that Hannibal failed to, she was the spark of light that still existed in her soul. By the time she was five and he was ten they were inseparable.

One day Hannibal watched from a small distance as Mischa and her bear friend roam about when he herd the sound of twigs breaking in the underbrush. The bear and the girl were too busy enjoying each others company and did not notice it. Hannibal decided not to disturb them and silently snuck around to the sound. He found a man and a boy crouching in some scrub a gun in the mans hand. A gun he was pointing at the bear whom was disturbingly close to his sister.

He felt a rage swamp into his body so quickly he hardly knew what he was doing but he had picked up a stick from the ground "Put the gun down." he said calmly through the haze of trembling anger.

The two twisted around at frowned at him "The bear is fair game." The man replied but now that he was facing him Hannibal did not hesitate. He swung his arm back and then whipped it through the air before thrusting the stick over his head and threw the mans eye until it clattered against the back of the mans skull and splinted.

The man dropped instantly to the ground the stick still impaled in his eye. The man was gone, he had been there alive and strong and unafraid and now he was gone. A strange euphoria ebbed it's way into Hannibal's veins. He sucked in a breath of air fresher than he'd ever tasted before. The stick suited the man far more than the gun.

The boy who looked to be a few years older than Hannibal crumbled next to the man trying to shake him awake. Begging him to wake up. It was nonsensical. How hard a person will try to believe something untrue to avoid the truth in front of them.

Then the boy looked at him "What have you done?" he asks him.

Hannibal marvels at the tears on his cheeks. At this boys weakness on display, like a play put on for his enjoyment alone. Then he picked up a large stone by his feet and fitted it comfortably in his palm, making sure it poked out the end a good amount. Then he stepped towards the boy who seemed frozen some how. Hannibal saw the boys eyes widen, saw the moment when he understood. But the boy seemed unable to react. So he was still there knelt by his father when Hannibal leaped into the air and brought all his body wait behind his swinging arm that crunched into the boys scull before his legs meet the ground in a crouch. The boy's head was on the ground and Hannibal could see where it was now misshapen.

The color of the blood was so beautiful in amongst the green of the forest. It had splattered about like the brush strokes in the most beautiful hue of paint. It was art more lovely than anything Hannibal had managed to draw before. It was his greatest work. It was wonderful.

The bear and Mischa had made it to him now having herd the commotion.

Hannibal titled his head at the bear "lunch." he said.

It was a fascinating thing watching the bear eat it's full. Those powerful gnashing teeth ripped apart flesh and crunched down bone with a tearing ease. It was living art... dead art?

He knew as he watched that he had found another great love, something that satisfied a part of his soul that Mischa never could. He was a powerful predicator in his own right and he had provided for a bear. He promised himself then that he would grow up to be the most feared predator in the world, and he would bask the beauty of death for the rest of his life.

His sister was crying, she did not appreciate the gift laid out before her, he was disappointed. She was ungrateful and rude.

She would learn to be thankful for the gifts he would give her. He would see to it that she was taught to be more appreciative in future.

Chapter Three: Where The Wild Things Are

Chapter Summary

The Raven-Stag is thankful.

Chapter Three: Where The Wild Things Are

They were down by the river when they met him, the Raven-Stag. He appeared like a ghost from the trees. Hannibal knew it was there for him, for his sister surly had not done anything to warrant it's attention. His sister kept on her splashing and Hannibal walked up to it. It leaned forward and breathed deeply with its snout.

"You are the offspring of Zahar and Hamza," it said "Hamza's kings-line, true king of the sefir."

"A king?" Hannibal was surprised at being addressed as such but somehow it felt right.

The creature turned and began to walk back towards the trees, Hannibal paused to look back at his sister happily playing.

"She will be safe." The Raven-Stag called back.

Hannibal believed it and went with it into the trees "You have been spoken about in the forest. You killed men in service to a bear, not an ordinary bear, a child of Asahel, my kin, the Tharn. Then you hunted down a further hunter and fed it to some wolves. But you have taken none for yourself. You break from what I expected of the line of Hamza. Tell me child, why do you protect those who are different from yourself?"

"It is fitting that when what a man hunts is stronger than him he should be eaten by it," Hannibal replied "They mistakenly believe that their guns make them strong but their worth is greater when they are feeding others than when they are feeding themselves."

"I agree," the creature said "You are welcome in our forest. You are the first Hamza kin to be welcome here. You are the first of your kind perhaps, a creature worthy of being king."

"Who is Hamza?" Hannibal asked curiously.

"As a gift in payment for your kindness to the forest I will tell you some stories," The creature went on as if it had not herd "These are the stories of Tarn, and in them you will find the answers that you seek." The creature stopped and turned to face Hannibal "you are Hannibal," It said "I am Brandubh. Fare-well king Hannibal of the Sefir."

"Fare-well Brandubh." Hannibal replied and watched the creature disappear into the trees.

He returned to the river where his sister was playing with the strangest squirrel he had ever seen. For one thing it was purple and had flowers growing on its head. He stood watching the two play for a time. If he was a king of some sort then that made Mischa a princess. He smiled at the thought because it was fitting. A princess of brightness and joy was exactly what the world needed.

"Hannibal!" His sister squealed loudly "come over here and met Zane!"

"Of course." he replied and with the smile still on his lips he approached and introduced himself to Zane.

Over the next several years Brandubh told Hannibal many stories. But Hannibal was most curious about the stories of Asahel, since his line was of the Tharn and the Te Tharn who were the most powerful beings on Tarn and immortal.

He wanted to know if there was a way he could become one of them as well. But asking without asking was difficult. He did not want Brandubh to know what it was he was searching for and Brandubh was not foolish. So Hannibal bid his time, he listened and he waited. Then when he had his answers he and Mischa would join the Tharn in their never death. He could be a king and she a princess forever.

One day Brandubh told him the story of a human who had none of Aon in his blood. He was an average and insignificant man who had stumbled on a group of men sneaking up on a family of Tharn with the intention of capturing them and forcing a promise from them. The man felt sorry for the Tharn family and blew his horn in warning. Because of him the family fled but he was beaten to near death. He was found by the Te Tharn and brought before Ghanto, the king of the Te Tharn and all Tharn. To prevent the mans death the king offered up his blood and fed it to the man. The man was healed but now he could not die, that was not all. He found himself different in other ways. He no longer longed for his own people but instead he fell in love with the ocean. He fell into her embrace and never surfaced again. There he had many children with the ocean who loved their father and would seek out humans to keep him company. But every human they brought back to him drowned on the way adding to his sorrow.

Hannibal knew he now had the information that he needed to become a son of three.

Chapter Four: Ghosts

Chapter Summary

Hannibal asks for help and gets turned down.

Chapter Four: Ghosts

When Hannibal was thirteen and Mischa eight war came to their home. When the soldiers came they lined the family up out side their home and shot dead their parents in the head. Hannibal held his hand over Mischa's mouth to stop her making too much sound and used his other arm to keep her still. He was ordered to bury his parents in the forest. The soldiers took over their home from that day on.

He kept himself and Mischa out of sight as much as possible and away from the soldiers. But as the winter wore on food started to become scarce. Slowly the men were growing weaker and Hannibal knew what a creature did when it got desperate so he went to the Raven-Stag to ask it for it's help. But the Raven-Stag refused saying the Tharn never involve themselves with the issues of the humans.

Hannibal went back every day to beseech the creature as he could see his sister weaken. But every time he was refused. Then Hannibal asked if he would only take Mischa to live somewhere else. But still the Raven-Stag said no.

When he arrived home it was to the smell of cooking food and the men having a feast. He went and joined them stealing away some for himself and his sister. He went in search of her but could not find her. He went into the forest but she was not there. He called out and grew afraid. It was a foreign feeling and he decided he hated to be rended to such a painful sensation.

He sat up in her room and ate his share and waited. The meal seemed magical, for it filled him with energy and strength he had never known. He went searching again and found some men laughing. "did you hear how she squealed when he killed her?" one of them said "ha! yes! *Hannibal! Hannibal! help me!*" the other mocked.

Hannibal sprang upon them before he knew what he was doing and before he knew what he had done there body's lay broken before him. He left then and went to the kitchens and there he found the cloths she had been wearing bloodied. Her hair splayed about and pints of her blood. He for the first time in his life felt a tear upon his check. That did not not stop him from kneeling down and licking at the dried blood to prevent her going to waste.

Never had he known sorrow. Never had he known the pain of loss. Never had he wished to rip apart his own flesh to rid himself of the terrible empty anguish. The soldiers found him their crying and desperately trying to find every piece of her that he could. The brought him before their colonel who asked him if he would like to join his family. Hannibal said instead that he knew where a large stag lived near-by in the woods.

He told them where to find it and stayed behind. Only one man returned from the hunt. He was injured and easy for Hannibal to kill. Too easy, it was unsatisfying.

He went then and found the Raven-Stag who was gravely injured. It had been shot many times and was laid out on the ground gasping.

"I thought your kind did not die." Hannibal said to it as he approached. "But I suppose everything that lives can die."

It kept gasping, it's eyes opened wildly at him "please," it gasped "I am needed."

Hannibal sat by it and watched it for another moment "I know you are. So was Mischa but that did not save her." Hannibal reached out and stroked the creatures fur "You did not save her, why should I save you?"

"I have made a mistake, I should have listened to you. These humans were evil and deserved to be destroyed. I have wronged you child, for I had taken you as one of my own only to abandon me when you needed me most. So in penance I offer you a promise."

"What promise?" Hannibal asked.

"Anything. Anything you desire."

Hannibal, strengthened by the blood and flesh of his sister lifted up the Raven-Stag by its front legs and dragged him in the direction his body knew to go.

He found his way to the throne of Ghanto followed by a great crowd of The Te Tharn and Tharn. There Ghanto, god of life laid their hands upon the Raven-Dears sides and sunk within. A glow grew around them and Brandubh stood again.

"You have protected my people from those humans who like to kill, and now you have saved my closest friend from destruction. I know that you have been offered a promis, let me be the one to pay you offspring of Zahar and Hamza. Tell me child what is it that you want?"

Hannibal looked at the crowd around him "I want the blood of the Te Tharn to run within my veins." Hannibal said.

There was a cry amongst the Te Tharn but Ghanto raised there arm "you have the blood of Zahar and Hamza and now you ask for the blood of Asahel as well?"

"I do."

"You ask for this when you know our stories?"

"I do."

"Then you should know what you have asked for can not be. Choose somthing else, anything else child of two."

"There is nothing else I want."

"Your sister back in your arms perhaps? I can give her back to you?"

Hannibal paused taken aback for a moment by the offer "And watch her die again? I will not feel the pain of her death again. No what I want is the blood of Te Tharn to flow through my veins."

Here Brandubh stepped forward "Is it not foretold that a child of three will come to exist."

Ghanto frowned "Dear friend you think this is that child?"

"I think he could be. He has shown great kindness to our kind already. None of his kin have saved the life one of us before."

Ghanto bowed his head "That is true," he said and looked at Hannibal with blazing eyes "You are a child yet you have already done things none have done before. I will grant you what you came for." Ghanto walked up to Hannibal "But you will live with the consequences, your kind were not made to live forever no-matter what you may believe." Then from his eyes came tears of blood, he took into his hands Hannibal's hands and cupped them to catch the blood. Then he bade Hannibal drink, and he did.

End Notes

Hope you guys liked it, feedback much appreciated.

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